

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1919

## The Four Cornerstones of Success

### IV.—OPPORTUNITY.

*"Opportunity Offers Itself to Men in Proportion to Their Ability, Their Will for Action, Their Power of Vision, Their Experience and Their Knowledge of Business."*

By Joseph French Johnson

Dean of New York University School of Commerce, President of Alexander Hamilton Institute, Author of "Business and the Man."

YOUNG men trying to get their start in business should have a fairly clear idea of what opportunity means. They are too prone to think that their chances of getting a good start depend upon "pull" or luck. The notion that business opportunities are relatively decreasing, that the good things of the earth have already been pre-empted by others, and that newcomers from now on must be satisfied with scraps is utterly fallacious. There is no ground for the statement that corporations kill opportunity. On the contrary, they create opportunities. Many of the successful business men of to-day who have great executive ability and have accumulated fortunes were lifted from obscurity by the needs of corporations.

If the necessary statistics were collected by the Census Bureau, I have no doubt we should discover that a majority of our successful business men began life as poor boys and worked up to the top, not in spite of corporations but because of the opportunities opened up to their abilities by the corporate form of business control.

And I feel confident that the same statistics, if they should be gathered twenty years hence, would then warrant a similar conclusion. On account of the rapid changes taking place in the industrial and commercial life of the United States, the great increase in wealth, the consumer's buying power, the broadening of markets, a business man to-day is surrounded by opportunities much more numerous and attractive than any known to his father.

I think we may formulate a law of opportunity as follows: Opportunity offers itself to men in proportion to their ability, their will for action, their power of vision, their experience and their knowledge of business. Inversely, opportunity is concealed from men in proportion to their slothfulness, their reliance upon others and their passion for imitation. Therefore, no man has any right to complain about his lack of opportunity. On the one side are the business conditions pregnant with profit, on the other side is the fit man able to call the profit into existence. When these two meet we have opportunity.

I have just received a letter from a young engineer in a Western State who wants to come to New York. I have written him that he had better stay in the West and seek a connection where he has friends and is known. It is a familiar human weakness to think of ourselves as not being in just the right place. We are prone to think that opportunity, like happiness, lies in some distant place, and that if we could only get there

**NOT A BOLSHEVIST—MERELY A MONKEY**



MOVING picture directors often have made monkeys out of movie actors, but there's only one movie actor they've made out of a monkey. His name is Joe Martin, and, judging impartially after studying the face that looks out at us from the above picture, we consider that Joe has one advantage over other stars of the screen. He'll never have to hire eleven secretaries to read and sort over his mail notes, or spend \$1.50 every week for postage to mail out autographed photos to smiling waiters. Should they ever produce a movie called "The Broken Chain," we suggest Joe in the part of the missing link, and we have met exactly A's in the prior Bolshevist about that Joe could easily double for in emergencies arising from continuing appointments.

we should be successful and content. As a matter of fact, the secret of opportunity, like that of happiness, lies in ourselves.

No youth who wishes to become a business man need travel far to make a start. For him the very best opportunities are at his elbow. Many of our biggest business men got their first training in their home towns or villages—by clerking in a country store, by selling newspapers, by taking subscriptions to magazines, by acting as agents for manufacturers of farm implements. After a youth has discovered opportunity near at home and has profited by it, then he will be fit for larger opportunities in other places, but as a rule a man's next opportunity lies not far from him.

A man must not expect to find opportunity of any kind if he has not the will for doing and for sacrifice. Lack of his will must be an intense desire, not just a milk-and-wafer wish or longing. The desire must be so consuming that it impels him to act and do anything and everything that can possibly help him to conquer.

The man who waits for an opportunity of a job to turn up, who leans heavily on his friends expecting them to find an opportunity, who does not use every moment of his time and every ounce of his energy and ability seeking what he wants, lacks the will for doing. Even if his friends get him a position or point out to him an opportunity for which he is fitted, he does not throw himself heartily into his work. The waiting or misadventure quality gives great comfort to a lazy soul, but opportunity never shows its face.

A young man in quest of his first job or of a better one than he now holds must realize that he himself must go after it, and go after it hard. Business is a game, and men must not expect to fill positions for which they have not proved their fitness. The more a man has learned about business, through study and experience, the keener his insight is into opportunity and the more likely he is to avail himself of an opportunity successfully.

Opportunity and luck are not real relatives, or even good friends. When you analyze carefully the career of the man who seems to have been born lucky you will find that he has earned his luck, that in all his undertakings he took every precaution to guard against evil chances.

Has the man of middle age already exhausted opportunity? Everything depends on the man. Some men are still young at forty-five and fifty; their minds are on the future, not the past; they take no pride in what they have accomplished, but are impatient for more work and bigger tasks; they still have vision and ambition. To men of this sort, if they have guarded their health, opportunity offers its biggest prizes.

Can a man prepare himself for opportunity? Can a man of average intellectual ability hope ever to fit himself for large opportunities? Both these questions can be answered positively in the affirmative. There is, practically no limit to what a man can accomplish in business if he only will. Here are the things he must do: Work, study, read, think, observe—and then more work.

Brains are tremendously important in business. Yet an ordinary brain dominated by the highest type of character may win first prizes. Therefore, let the man who wishes to prepare for opportunity put his brains into harness and, if necessary, rebuild his character. This any man can do. Hence opportunity is potentially within the reach of all.

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

## Two Striking Fall Styles FORETASTE OF FASHION'S DESIRE FOR UNUSUAL EFFECTS



Evening gown of iridescent sequins and crystal bead fringe. The heavily embroidered storks of many rich colors shown on the front of the skirt and train were formerly on a wonderful Chinese robe.

(Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

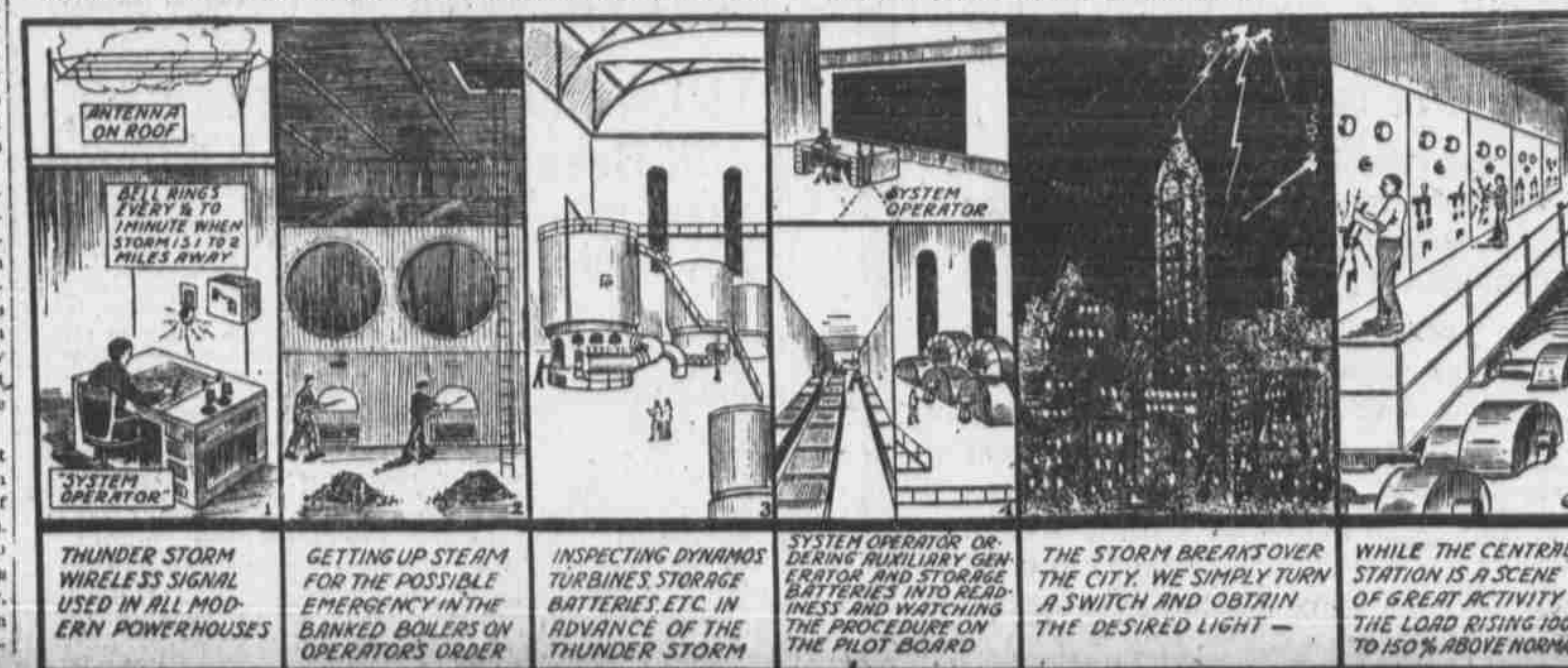
Paris has indorsed the cape, and it will be prominent in the fall fashions. This frock is sand taffeta with black satin stripes and the cape is of black satin lined with sand georgette.

(Copyright, Western Newsweek Union.)

## How New York Feeds 2,000,000 Lights in an Afternoon Thunderstorm

HOW the world's largest city meets the lighting emergency when an afternoon thunderstorm plunges New York into darkness is graphically shown in the pictures here reprinted by permission from the September Electrical Experimenter. Two million electric lights may be turned on practically at once. And within one hour's time before that moment an increase of nearly 200,000 horse power must

be provided over the normal daily business load. A wireless storm announcer gives first warning when the storm is two hours distant. A gong rings at frequent intervals as the storm approaches. Banked fires are coiled up, gigantic reserve generators are started, next the auxiliaries, then, as the storm hits the city, extra feeders are called into play and presto, the city is fully lighted.



THUNDER STORM WIRELESS SIGNAL USED IN ALL MODERN POWERHOUSES

GETTING UP STEAM FOR THE POSSIBLE EMERGENCY IN THE BANKED BOILERS ON OPERATORS ORDER

INSPECTING DYNAMOS TURBINES STORAGE BATTERIES ETC IN ADVANCE OF THE THUNDER STORM

SYSTEM OPERATOR ORDERING AUXILIARY GENERATOR AND STORAGE BATTERIES INTO READINESS AND WATCHING THE PROCEDURE ON THE PILOT BOARD

THE STORM BREAKS OVER THE CITY. WE SIMPLY TURN A SWITCH AND OBTAIN THE DESIRED LIGHT

WHILE THE CENTRAL STATION IS A SCENE OF GREAT ACTIVITY THE LOAD RISING 100 TO 150% ABOVE NORMAL

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## Doing Up Broadway



By Neal R. O'Hara

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DON'T know whether it's daylight saving, but something's happened to night life on Broadway. There's plenty of night, but no life. Yes, indeed—plenty of nights—\$65 of 'em a year. But the life is only 275. This year and forever after.

You can get a bite to eat on Broadway, but you've gotta go to Kansas to get a bite to drink. Of course it's a snakebite, but it gets results. Results come in pints and half-pints. Ain't any snakes on Broadway though. Or any guys that see 'em. Nope—a souse that wants to see snakes has got to take a rattler to Kansas.

Lotta folks have just discovered Broadway is an orphan child. And the guys with a thirst wish the child was in London. But Broadway IS an orphan—hasn't any last name. Don't know whether it belongs to the Street or Avenue family. When Broadway was born, it just wandered from one end of the city to the other—and it never got any farther. That's why it's an orphan.

And it used to be the Great White Way. Until they put a white ribbon on it. When they pinned on the white ribbon, it was good night for Broadway. That was June 30. And they haven't had a good night since.

You can still see SIGNS of life, but they read like this: "Cabaret closed" and "This saloon will open as a soda fountain."

A few cabarets are still open. Some of 'em are open to suspicion, but so long as the bar-keepers ain't open to conviction, the grog sleuths let 'em alone.

Cabarets charge for everything now. Walk in and the hat girls charge for your hat. Also charge for it when you walk out. Not only polite to tip your hat to the girl—you've gotta tip the girl for your hat. You start for a table and the head waiter holds you up. Usually for five dollars. If you don't come through, he holds you up for an hour and a half. Might as well pay.

You are now sealed at a table.

Cover charge comes next. You're taxed so much a head. And that puts you so much behind. Don't get anything for the cover charge except the bill. You're taxed for just being there. "We're here because we're here," &c., was composed before the cover charge was discovered.

You now order a stiff drink of ginger ale. Yup—ginger ale's caught up at last. Used to be a chaser, now it's the whole thing itself. And when you get the check you find it's not only caught up—it's GONE up. Soft drink palaces get as much for a round as Jess Willard. But when the ginger ale's served you can still make it a chaser. All you gotta do is swallow your disappointment and then gulp the ginger ale.

Bout time now for the show to begin. Spotlight sizzles and eight non-union chorus girls come on in union suits. Or maybe the suits are non-union—you can't see the buttons. Girls sing what they call jazz music. Call it jazz because it contains all kinds of music from A to Z. All we know is, jazz is tough on the drums—snare and ear. And that it pleases all kinds of drummers—whether they play with, or peddle in the sticks. But if they have jazz in heaven, we don't wanna play a harp.

Wild night on Broadway is now about over. Final course is the check. Everything's added up and multiplied by the waiter's number. Total looks like the score by innings, with runs, hits and errors. Except that no errors are rectified. Cabaret check now affects patrons the way cabaret sec used to—makes 'em stagger.

So you stagger out on Broadway and start for home. It's hard to walk when you're staggering, but you can't ride—waiter got your last dollar. So you bump along and go to your home, suite home in a Broadway hotel.

And that's night life as she is did on Broadway. Best information is that the other guys now active after dark on Broadway are the robbers in the cabarets.

## TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

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### Too Bussy.

BEE culturists will tell you that a red clover blossom contains less than one-eighth of a grain of sweetness and that the bee must gather seven thousand grains from fifty-six clover heads to make one pound of honey. There are sixty blossoms to each clover head, and into each blossom the bee must insert its proboscis separately. In order to accumulate one pound of honey the bee must perform this operation sixty times fifty-six thousand, or three million, three hundred and sixty thousand times. And for this prodigious expenditure of labor and energy the bee receives no reward, not even bed and board!

And yet there are a lot of men whose names ought to be mangled who earn all of life's comforts and many of its luxuries whose perpetual grievance is that they are overworked! They nurse a grouch, they're a walking arsenal of cynicism, pessimism, and irritation; a whole flock of mosquitoes would without a quail yield the palm to one of these cantankerous, spleenish, grouchy grouchers!

Crabs are pesky reptiles, but the crabbedness of the critter who's forever complaining about

being overworked, his churlishness, mumps, dumps and dol-drum, makes us cry out for the natural species when the human variety is about!

Hard work never hurt anybody except the person who is naturally continually out of sorts, who was born peevish, deaf to sense and reason, sulky, cankered, sour and surly! Early in his crusty career he should have been chained in an impregnable little cage with a few other lobsters and crawlers for company!

We wouldn't mind the hard work kicker so much if he himself was the only one to suffer from his perversity. But his crossgrain often creates an atmosphere which tempts us to attempt to demolish some of his spots of irascibility. But it's a hopeless, thankless job—he remains what he is—a sheer, wanton lump of "cussedness."

The normal, healthy, ambitious man has no time to kick against being overworked. He's too busy making honey!

TROLLEYS FOR EDINBURGH. The city of Edinburgh having taken over all its street railways, now operated by cables, a committee of experts has decided in favor of electrifying them, using the overhead trolley system.